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where the company stood among the carpenters' chips and shavings, and where an institution was organized and called *Illinois College*. From this small beginning has arisen a valuable institution, having a faculty consisting of a president and four other gentlemen, and a list of eighty-two students. Their buildings are commodious, and their prospects cheering.—[Judge James Hall, in *The Western Monthly Magazine* of April, 1834.]

THE LEGEND OF STARVED ROCK.

(From Peterson's Magazine, Vol XXX, No. 6, Philadelphia, December, 1856.)

By MARY W. JANVEIN.

In the far West, where broad rolling prairies stretch away for miles, in billowy undulations—where bold mountainous cliffs rise abruptly to the azure sky, crowned with dark firs and cedars—not far from the headwaters of navigation on the Illinois river, and towering up from the bank of the stream, rises “Starved Rock.”

Its wall are of dark grey stone, half veiled with clambering wild vines and trailing masses, as some old dilapidated castle, relic of feudal times stands buried in the drapery which long ages have woven about it—and broken parapets of stunted cedars and firs frown threateningly upon the daring adventurer who attempts to scale its precipitous steeps. A narrow, almost perpendicular path, on the opposite side from the river, is revealed, as you make a circuit of the base of the cliff; and here, he who would attain the highest elevation of the “Rock,” can ascend.

There is a fugitive tale, commemorating the events which gave this wild cliff so strange a name, coming down to us from those early times when the red man

was sole lord of rock and river and rolling prairie—a little record of the vengeance of Indian race, which we would now weave over, and again relate the “Legend of ‘Starved Rock.’”

Long years ago, the brave and noble Indian chief Oronee, leader of a powerful tribe inhabiting the region adjoining that upon the Illinois, saw and loved the gentle maiden, Ulah, daughter of his rival chieftain.

Oronee was young and brave; at his belt hung the scalps of a hundred of his foes, whom he had slain in the battle fray; his arm was strong, his eye keen as the mountain eagle’s and no warrior in the chase could bring down the fleet deer or the fierce panther so surely as he.

Ulah was young and fair, with eyes like the evening star, and dusky locks like the gathering shades of night. Her heart went out to meet the brave Oronee’s; and when he told her that his wigwam was spread with the softest furs, and asked her to share it, saying he would, for her, chase the deer and bring down the strong eagle in his flight—then she turned from her stern father’s lodge and went with the young chieftain.

Ne-pow-ra missed his daughter from his lodge. When he came back at night from the toils of the chase, she sprang not forth to meet him; when he returned from the battlefield or the deadly ambush, exulting in victory, she came not forth to sing with his braves the war songs of her race. The daughter of a chieftain was in the wigwam of his deadliest foe. He could not brook the insult; and gathering his bold fleet warriors about him around the council fire, told them the wrong he had suffered, and bade them follow him for revenge.

Day after day, night after night, saw them on the trail of the fleeing enemy, guided surely by the heavens above and the forest wilds beneath. Westward the stars of night led their footsteps, and westward the sunbeams, revealing broken shrubs, and trampled leaves, and mosses in the tangled wildwood, gave token that they were on

the trail. And westward, too, fled Oronee and his braves; fleeing for life, and what was *dearer* than life itself to the young chief, the safety of his beloved; and on the fourth day, the eagle gaze of the fugitives saw the waving plumes of their pursuers in the distance.

Before them rose, bold and high, the huge rock on the brink of the Illinois; behind them came the enraged father with the fierce warriors of his tribe. Upon the wind floated their wild cries of vengeance, and dancing, ever nearer and nearer, came those eagle plumes.

The pursued chief, with his dusky maiden and a small band of faithful followers, fled to the rock fortress—to the tower of strength which rose precipitously in their path.

On, on came the pursuers, with wild shouts and unearthly yells—on, on, and nearer yet, until they had reached the base of the cliff, and then, singing a loud war song, they rushed swiftly up the narrow, steep path.

But the young chieftain's arm was strong, and his arrows swift and sure and his braves resolved to fight to the death, so, one after another, as they had almost gained the summit of the cliff, were their enemies pierced by the unerring shafts of the archers above; and fell back lifeless amid their companions below. And, then, failing in their attempt, with half their band lying bleeding and dying among them, the survivors closed in dark, serried ranks around the base and with sullen silence and invincible determination, awaited the lingering death of their victims on the gloomy, sterile fortress above.

Day after day the red sun rose in the orient, wheeled across the burning heavens slowly to the western horizon, at mid-day flinging down scorching beams and at twilight throwing long, lengthening shadows over water, wood and rolling prairie; but to those on the high cliff no relief came.

Still the withering sunbeams fell upon them, drying up their very life-blood; still those gigantic shadows were flung athwart the background; yet deeper the appalling darkness of the dusky shadows creeping closer and closer about their hearts. They were starving!

And there, at the very base of the rock, silent and immovable as the firs which shrouded them from the fierce sun rays, sat that implacable chieftain, surrounded by his warriors. Neither love, mercy or pity entered his flinty heart. His bitterest foe had stolen his fairest flower—his only child, the daughter of a race of kings had left his wigwam for that of the enemy.

Vengeance upon them both—the bitter foe, the faithless daughter!

White, wan and emaciated, they wandered about on the beetling brow of the cliff, like ghosts from the far-off hunting grounds of their race. Strong warriors who had not quailed in the direst deadliest combat, now sunk down like reeds before the breath of famine.

Braves who would have laughed in derision at the arrow or the scalping knife, now felt a *fiercer*, keener pang than poisoned shaft or merciless tomahawk ever inflicted. With the forests all around them, where herds of deer roamed free—with the river beneath, where the silver trout glimmered through its waters, with flocks of fowl soaring above them, they were starving!

The red deer left browsing in its leafy covert and came down to drink the clear waters below—but no morsel of venison could pass their lips—no drop of that cool water lave their swollen, parched tongues. The deer lapped up the crystal liquid of the river—snuffed the cool breeze and then, catching a glimpse in the waters of the dusky figures flitting to and fro on the rock above, tossed high their antlers and darted away to the greenwood again; the bright waters danced onward beneath with a wild, mocking freedom, as they bent down their despairing

eyes; and there, below, sat those dark, stern warriors, grim and immovable. Oh, it was horrible!

And then Ulah, the Indian maiden, came to the brink of the precipice, and with her long, raven hair streaming like the folds of a rent banner upon the wind, bent over and pleaded with agonizing gestures and frantic entreaties to her sire, whom she saw far, far below.

But never a tone of tenderness, a word of forgiveness, or a token of reconciliation went up from that proud, insulted soul. He had chosen the *Indian's revenge.*!

Day by day that doomed band thinned away, till at length famine alone reigned conqueror upon the summit of the cliff. Day by day they wasted, and at last all was still. No ghostly forms wandered feebly about—no wailing voice broke the silence. None of that fated band, save one of the besieged warriors escaped, and he descending in the shades of night to a shelving projection still far above the river, flung himself down into the rushing water, where his faithful squaw awaited him in her light birchen canoe and received him as he rose. Then paddling silently down the stream, and thence to the shore, they darted fleetly into the dark, dense forest, and thus escaped to tell their tribe the dreadful tale.

When all was still, and forms were no more seen moving about on the summit of the cliff, the avenged chieftain and his band ascended. The Indians' wrath was appeased—his vengeance had, indeed, been terrible. There they lay upon the gray rock, those wasted, skeleton-like warriors, all stark and stiff; and there, too, the Indian maiden had starved to death in the arms of her lover; her white face, oh, so fearful to look upon—her long streaming hair alike her *bridal veil and shroud.*

And now, it is said, full oft by the pale moonlight are seen wan, ghostly figures gliding to and fro upon the cliff, with dark plumes floating upon the night wind; and ever and anon, the spectral forms of the Indian maiden and

her dusky warrior-lover stand upon the brink, and in low, wailing voices chant their death dirge ere they go afar to dwell together in the Great Spirit hunting grounds.

And thus runs the legend of the "Starved Rock."*
Contributed by Garland C. Broadhead.

*This account is entirely different from the Starved Rock legend as usually told.

THE LAST OF THE ILLINOIS.

By Comly Jessup.

(A legend of Starved Rock; from the Genius of the West, Jan., 1854.
Contributed by J. O. Cunningham.)

Nine times the sun had risen and set
Upon that little fading band;
Nine weary days they sat and gazed
Out on their own beloved land;
And from the warriors' weary eyes,
Slow faded forest, plain and skies,
'Neath famine sank they one by one,
Till there their chieftain stood alone!

High on that beetling crag he stood;
Around in death his brethren slept;
He looked upon the silvery flood,
That on in peaceful quiet swept.
Kissed by the last faint blush of even—
A mirror of the calm, clear heaven,
And with the breeze that wandered by,
He thus communed in reverie:—